

She is the Minatrice

Her eyes are verdant green,
As was her succulent soul.
Looking at her, she did not seem
so outgoing, to be so bold.

Yet by her actions, bold she was...
not held back, and brash as well.
What appetites! Pray, what does
she – what faint heart can tell.

She stalks the moon lit night
and seeks, as she must, new prey.
She longs until things are set right
then is transformed until the day.

Her crimson lips seek onto all
As she keeps you, her catch, so close
Her soft, hunger is your fall ...
before long she somehow grows.
She knows all there is about you.
She folds your precious petals back
Devouring your hidden truth, too
private to be shared ... yet nothing lacks.

She is the Minatrice, half-lust
Half-love, ready to die
or be consumed. She offers, she must.
Unsuspecting, you cannot look in her eyes.

What does he see, but her soft lips
Perhaps her bare femality
Entranced is he by inviting hips
He does not sense familiarity

Of what she is ... half beast
Ready to feast ... to sup
To take from him the least

That he is prepared to give up.

As he lays with her, he does not sense
the grave danger he is in, not a breath.
She smothers him with her presence
until he is wrapped and clothed by death.

Then she finishes off her feast
She draws apart his limbs, one by one
He feels nothing, he is asleep
The pain, one fast slice ... he comes

And so the Minatrice is satisfied.